

I know why
The charming church of god girl sings
 She sees free girls
 Sailing with their boy friends
 She sees the free girls
 Crabbing in the hot summer sun
 She sees the free girls
 Kissing under the cherry tree
 She sees the free girls
Dancing in their pretty new dresses
 She sees that the free girls
 Are not fearful if
They are not very good all the time
 she sees the free girls
 Feeling the breeze of freedom
as she girl stands on the grave
 Of her mother's dreams
 Like her mother before her
She has been Force into slavery
 Living only for the church
 Always fearful
So she opens her mouth and sings
 With a frightful trill of a slave
 Dreaming of freedom
 By Barry Wyatt